

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1846.

William Buckminster, Editor.

INAUGURATION AT HARVARD COLLEGE

On Thursday the Hon. Edward Everett was inaugurated as President of the University. The weather was quite rainy in the forenoon, yet the Congregational Church was filled to overflowing before 11 o'clock.

The opening prayer was made by Rev. Dr. Walker. His Excellency, the Governor, followed with an address and induction to office, according to an ancient usage, delivering to Mr. Everett the venerable parchment on which is inscribed the original charter of the University.

From the Courier we learn that "just as the singing was concluded, it was perceived that Mr. Webster was in the house, and as he took a seat upon the stage, the applause of the audience was absolutely deafening, and for full five minutes the galleries resounded with a sea of waving handkerchiefs. Such an expression of feeling must have been the more grateful to Mr. Webster as coming from not an excited political mob, but from a throng of educated men, many of whom are now filling the highest offices of trust and power in New England, and whose grey hairs bowed in grateful welcome of his presence."

Mr. Everett then commenced his inaugural address, which occupied one hour and a quarter.

A dinner was provided at Harvard Hall, to which five hundred and fifty sat down. President Everett was in the Chair. Toasts were drunk of course.

Gov. Briggs was first called on, then Mr. Quincy, the retiring President of the University, then Mr. Webster. When he was named the whole company rose as one man and gave nine huzzas. Dr. O. W. Holmes was next called on and he entertained the assembly with a humorous poetical production which convulsed the audience with laughter.

The President then called on Hon. R. C. Winthrop, member of Congress from Boston, and many other guests.

When the ceremonies were over the President gave a cordial invitation to all the gentlemen present to visit him in the evening at his residence. This invitation was very generally accepted and Mr. Everett's house was filled. In the evening the various College Halls were illuminated and fireworks were displayed on the College grounds.

We are indebted to the Courier for the principal part of this account of the Inauguration of the President of Harvard University.

We have accounts from "our army of occupation" down to the 13th ult. Gen. Ampudia, on arriving at Matamoras, opposite to Gen. Taylor's camp on this side of the Rio Grande, notified Gen. Taylor that if he did not abandon the position which he then occupied he should consider it as an equivalent to a *declaration of war*.

On the 12th Gen. Ampudia fortified himself opposite to Gen. Taylor's position. Gen. Taylor also raised breastworks on the bend of the river, so as to command the river and the works raised by the Mexicans. Our troops are well supplied with provisions, chiefly by the Mexicans themselves.

We had a most charming rain on Wednesday night which continued through a part of Thursday. We should like to see more soon, as the earth had become very dry for the season and the grass lands in particular need soaking. Our streams too, are quite low for the last of April, and our mills would quite gladden on seeing more of the blessings of rain. It rained in New York on Wednesday, and the late storm was probably extensive. Our last hope was a southeast wind, which never fails to bring rain when it is permitted to blow for twelve hours. All other signs fail in dry weather.

RAILROADS IN FRANCE. There are now according to the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, 849 miles of railroad open in France, and 1708 more conceded and in progress, of which over 200 will be completed the present year. It is supposed that there will, in the year 1850, be 4,000 miles of railroad finished, forming an immense net-work, with Paris for its centre. The atmospheric railroad from Paris to Sceaux is nearly done; and several successful experimental trips have been made upon it.

ALARMING REPORT. Considerable consternation was excited a few nights ago by a succession of loud reports, which were heard all over the metropolis, just about the hour when quiet and industrious people were seeking their nocturnal repose. Children who are teething, of whom it is calculated there are nearly seven thousand, got up to sleep with the alarm, and thereby withdrew him from his bed, and the parents, who had to make sales of bells, which he manufactured. He had taken too much liquor, and was scarcely able to ride. When he arrived at the creek, in the dark, at point only ten inches deep; there he died after making ineffectual attempts to crawl up the bank, each time that he fell. He died a miserable death in sight of his own wife and family.

COUNTERFEITERS CAUGHT. A gang of counterfeiters has lately been broken up in the state of New York. The Troy *Wing* states that they had their head-quarters in the house of a man named Quackenbush, in Syracuse, where their presses, dies, &c., were found. Philip M. Smith, who appears to have been the principal in the business, has been arrested and fully committed to trial.

DIVORCES. About sixty divorces have been granted or "decreed" by the Legislature of Pennsylvania this session. The tax upon each is twenty dollars, passed to prevent the frequency of applications; but which appears to have had an entirely contrary effect, for the number granted and the applications are both more numerous this session than usual.

The election of sixteen delegates to represent the city of New York in the Convention for the revision of the State Constitution, held on Tuesday, resulted in the choice of that number of Democrats. The Tribune says, from what we hear there is little doubt but the Democrats will have the remodelling of the Constitution.

CROPS IN SOUTH CAROLINA. A letter from Georgia, says that the grain crop looks better than the writer had ever seen, and that they were probably induced to announce of this circumstance, that it was frequently adding to the happiness of the nation in general, and to the domestic circle of royalty in particular. It was not until the following day it became generally known, that the sounds proceeded from the firing of guns in celebration of the frightful slaughter on Sunday last in India, and all the while we were told that the British army had been beaten before Mattoorah.

It is this that the *Democrat* of the Crown are of the opinion that Sandy's enthrallments are quite legal, and that it is the duty of a magistrate to act accordingly. To deal in mafusine—giving not of such dealing by means of the very smallest bell—on Sunday or any other day, would subvert the principles of the Constitution.

On Saturday, the 21st, Mr. Pettit, of Indiana, and Mr. Polk, of Tennessee, both of the opposition, Mr. B. B. Thompson, of New York, and Mr. J. M. Clayton, of Georgia, all of whom are of the opinion that Sandy's enthrallments are quite legal, and that it is the duty of a magistrate to act accordingly.

On Sunday, the 22d, Mr. Polk, and Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, and Mr. J. M. Clayton, of Georgia, all of whom are of the opinion that Sandy's enthrallments are quite legal, and that it is the duty of a magistrate to act accordingly.

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On Sunday, the 5th, Mr. Polk, and Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, and Mr. J. M. Clayton, of Georgia, all of whom are of the opinion that Sandy's enthrallments are quite legal, and that it is the duty of a magistrate to act accordingly.

On Monday, the 6th, Mr. Polk, and Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, and Mr. J. M. Clayton, of Georgia, all of whom are of the opinion that Sandy's enthrallments are quite legal, and that it is the duty of a magistrate to act accordingly.

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THE POET'S CORNER.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country 'tis a glorious land,
With wide arms stretch'd from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific clasps her strand,
She bears the dark Atlantic roar;
And nurtured in her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies,
In nature's wildest grandeur drear,
Examined with her liveliest glee!

Rich prairies deck'd with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit o'er the roll;—
Brook takes her source heavenward bold,
Reflecting each towering star;
And mighty rivers, mountain bays,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath the sheltering branches leapt.

And cradled 'midst her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where lovelier the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide,
For plenty here her fishes pour,
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sum to size her generous shores,
There howls the riptide's barking sound.

Great bold! we thank thee for this home—
The boundless birthland of the free,
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty;
Still may flowers untrammeled spring,
Her velvet robes, her cities rise,
And yet, 'till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Rattlesnake Bite.

"So glistened the dire snake,
Subtest heart of all the field."

PAUL LOET.

Twenty-one years ago, the goody town of Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, wore a different aspect from what it does at the present day. In this brief period a mighty change has taken place in the condition of things around it. Railroads were yet, things unknown—the rushing of the steam-horse with his long train, rivaling the speed of the wild-pigeon, had not yet disturbed the echoes of the mountain valleys of Franklin county.

In those days might be seen, in all their glory, those renowned Pennsylvania teams that now only live in the memories of men. They have passed away, and given place to the swift car, or the slow, lumbering wagon. A great sight it was to see sometimes a dozen of these six or eight horses, moving steadily along at the rate of 30 miles in a day, and headed by a wagon whose lumen cover was whiter bleached, and whose body was painted a light blue than the rest, and whose horses and housings trimmed with gay red fringe, and strings of bells on iron arches above their collars, that made many a murmur as they moved along. How proudly steamed the horses, and with what an air did the driver twist himself in his saddle, and crack his whip *"ey wo yo!"*

In this manner all the merchandise for supplying the "Western country" was then transported to Pittsburgh. "Going over the mountains" was a very different affair from the easy, three days journey of the present time. And the roads were not then, as they are now, the chief as the means of locomotion. Every party town did not then boast of its "Washington" or "American House," with a palmy imitation at the portal of the lordly Astor or Tremont. The good old names of the "Green Tree," the "Spread Eagle" and the "Rising Sun," were then in vogue. There were large yards around these taverns for the accommodation of the teamsters, and there might often be seen ten or twelve wagons halted around, with a long trough fastened to each, quietly waiting for their master after the short journey of the day. An air of comfort reigned within the house, and at the table profusion was more plainly discernable than style. Who knew better than the Pennsylvania landlady of that day how to strew a chick-en and make a cup of coffee! Or who better than she could bake the crisp-brown waffle-cake, and bring it to the table smoking hot and swiniing in butter?

"But part is all their fame; the very spot
Where once in pride they flourished is forgot."

On a bright, warm evening in June, 1825, at the office of "C. K." in Chambersburg, the landlady was talking to some Ohio merchants, who had been to Philadelphia to purchase goods, and were thus far on their return home, travelling on horseback. Around the door were various people and mechanics of the town who had dropped in to have an hour's chat, and to hear the news from the city, brought by the teamsters—for the people then contrived to live without the eager haste for news that characterizes the present generation; and however we may be inclined to smile at their simplicity and ignorance, such a thing never entered their heads as killing horses and breaking necks of their drivers, or the like of getting intelligence from home sooner than by regular course of mail. By degrees their discourse turned to politics, and the Presidential election, and the inauguration of John Quincy Adams that had taken place a few months previous was the theme. The anti-administration party was the most numerous on this occasion. Joe Stimmel, the blacksmith, was loud in his dissatisfaction at the result, and little Tom Pierce, the white barb, roundly asserted that Gen. Jackson had been cheated out of his election. "But look out, boys," said he, "and if we don't make him President next time, you may hang me for a false prophet."

On the turnpike, three-quarters of a mile west of Chambersburg, lived a good substantial farmer by the name of Peter Bonawitz. Each returning year added to his wealth; he had the tallest horses and the fattest cattle that could be seen in all Franklin county, while he had a team in the turnpike, and his farm was all fenced in with locust posts and chestnut rails. Of the durability of this mode of enclosure, his hired man, Jake Hoover, had the most exalted idea; he declared that locust posts and chestnut rails would last forever, for Peter Bonawitz had tried them twice. He had one child, a daughter, fair and comely, and when she was about six years old went down behind the Cane mountain. Peter Bonawitz was eighteen years old, but, most sentimental reader, she had not been educated at a fashionable boarding school, and at that age I am sorry to say, she was not a proficient in modern accomplishments. She could not play on the piano, nor thum on the guitar—she could not paint in water-colors, nor perform experiments in Natural Philosophy. But who could fin a finer flaxen thread than she and weave it with her own hands!—who could bake a whiter, lighter cake, or who could send sweater butter to market? in Old Hundred, in the good old Lutheran church of Chambersburg! Not one.

At this sudden interruption of his half finished description, the Doctor went terribly, then he gazed around on his audience with a sneer of contempt for their want of appreciation of science, and then he turned to the poor sufferer, and enquiring of his condition, he applied a gout cup to draw out the poisonous fluid impelled by the fangs of the scaly reptile, and as an indispensable adjunct, he administered a copious dose of olive oil.

John now felt a little relief, and he described the spot minutely where the horrid thing lay coiled in the grass, and how he trod upon it, and was bitten. It was proposed that a party should start immediately and endeavor to destroy him, but it was not likely he would now fall after such a bite. A party of five, including the blacksmith and Tom Pierce, at their head, and armed with long clubs procured at a neighboring wood, set out instantly on this bold and dangerous enterprise.

THE POET'S DIMES. Nearly half a peck of penter-dimes and half-dimes were found by some boys near the railroad depot at New Haven, last week.

Oh! these jolly sleighing parties in the country! To be wrapped in the same buffalo robe with a sharp rattle heard by John—they started back a step with horror; Tom, bolder than the rest, raised aloft his club to give the death blow—but his arm was palsied in mid-air; his weapon fell harmless to the earth. Was he charmed by the snake? No—before him in the bright light of the moon he saw a poor hen sitting on a nest of eggs?—such a scene as went up from the bottom of Peter Bonawitz's garden!

"Whever heard of a rattlesnake with feathers!" cried the blacksmith.

"That beats the Doctor's snake with snakes in the abdomen!" shout Tom.

They captured the unconscious hen, and hurrying back to the tavern, marched in a body to John's room. The anxious group with solemn faces was still around the bed, and the Doctor was yet at his post anxiously watching the effect of the suction of his cupping-glass.

"Did you kill him, Tom?" asked the landlord with breathless haste.

"I did," said Tom, "we have got him alive, and there he is!" and he flung the poor hen, uttering a piteous squeal, on the bed in his mind.

"Hollo!" cried the landlord, and John was only hit by a chicken!"

And such another scene at this unexpected termination of their lamentations—so rours of laughter—and John laughed too, and he jumped from the bed, and kicked off the Doctor's cupping-glass, breaking it in a hundred pieces, and then he danced a Pennsylvania Quickstep for joy at his happy deliverance! In the height of the hubbub the Doctor sloped out the back way, wisely reserving the remainder of his description of the *Crotalus horridus* for a future occasion.

The story spread, and even old Peter laughed with pleasure, and was glad that John was not bitten by a real snake.

And there was good cause for his imagination to conjure up such horrors—chased by the old man—jumping out of the kitchen window—and his breast racked by thwarted love! "Say, was it any wonder he was frightened!"

But he soon recovered from his fright; and as for being laughed at, he thought "those may laugh who win," for he was industrious, and industry begat confidence, and confidence was rapidly increasing his business. And old Peter, finding that Kate was like all other girls of her age—the more he opposed the more she would have him—gave his consent, as a sensible old man should, and after another year's probation they were married. She made him the best of Mrs. Smiths—and nevermore, in after life, was John Smith *henpecked!*

W. S. M.
[The Guest.]

The minutes winged their way with pleasure," And John's chair had gotten very close to Kate's—and (entirely by accident) his arm had encircled her waist, and he was gazing right into her eyes, when, "tramp!—tramp!" on the long porch was heard the heavy footstep of Peter Bonawitz! He had come home a day sooner than was expected. John knew that footstep—he started up with a look of agony, and then he saw, to his own mortification, that he was cut off by his daughter. It so fell out that Peter went off on a journey to Carlisle, and John was not slow to take advantage of his absence. On the bright evening in June before mentioned, he dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and was soon down at the farm, and in the kitchen by the side of Kate. I dare not tell the many sweet words that passed between them, but they were indeed winged their way with pleasure."

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